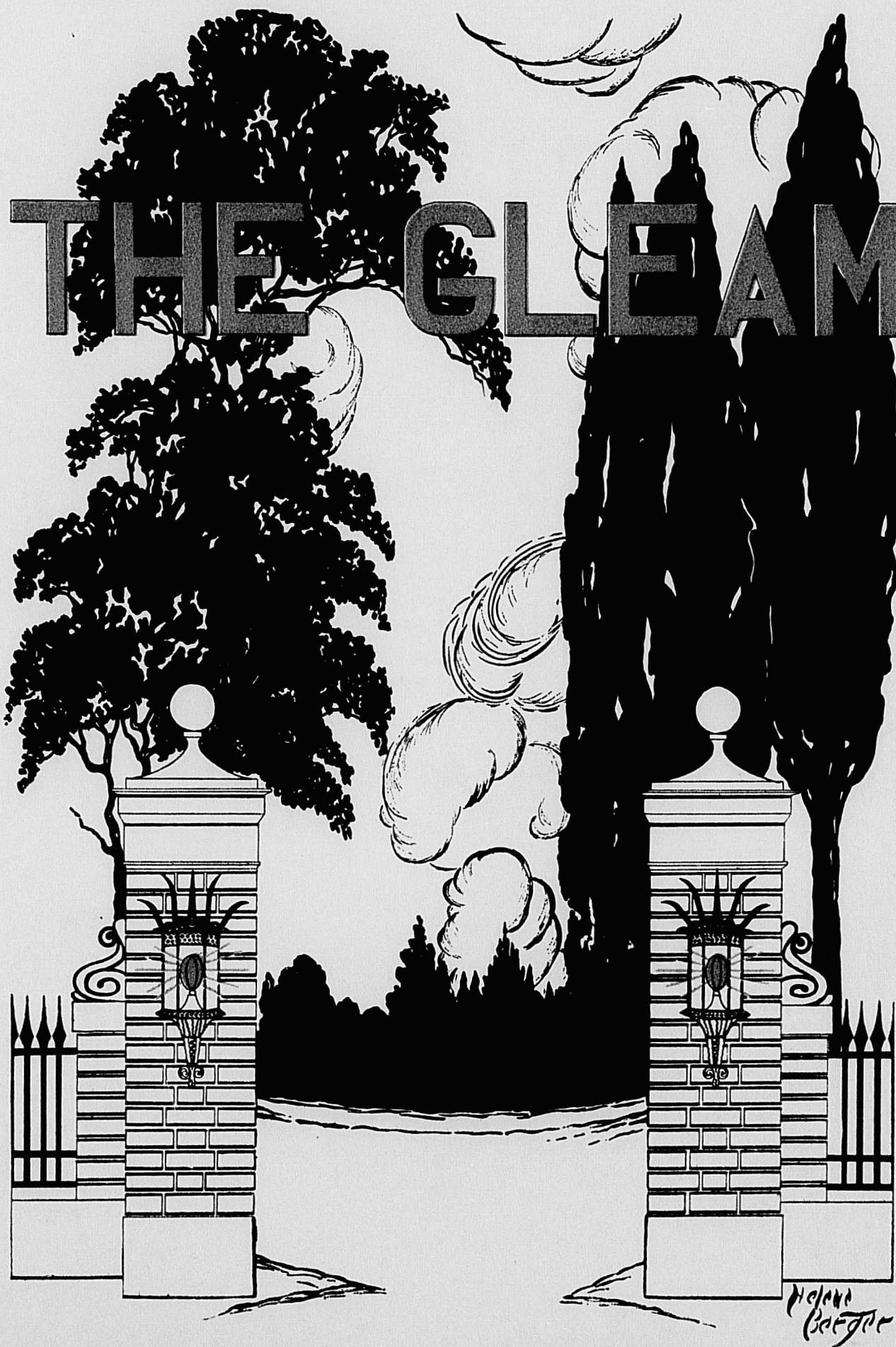
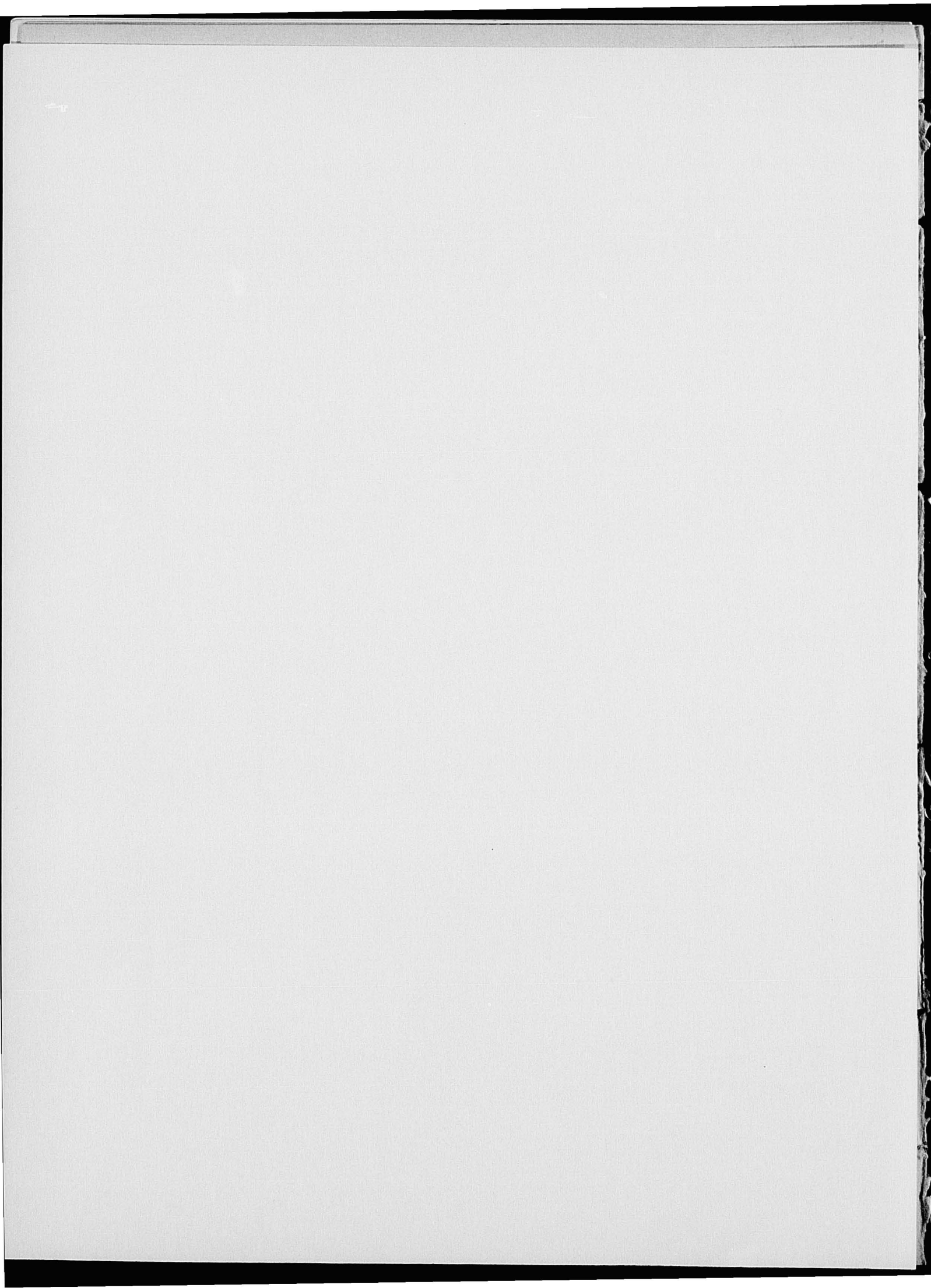


THE GLEAM





The Gleam

VOL. IV.

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., February, 1926

No. 2

Wings

SHALL we know in the hereafter
All the reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpillar did?
How he waited, toiled and suffered
To become a chrysalid?
When we creep so slowly upward,
When each day new burden brings;
When we strive so hard to conquer
Vexing sublunary things;
When we wait and toil and suffer,
We are working for our wings."

Danske Carolina Dandridge.

The Candleholder

"I will be a candleholder and catch the drippings."—Adapted.

It was 12:10. The girls were descending the stairs from study hall.

"Have you a dime? Virginia, have you a dime? Oh, can't somebody give me a dime? I didn't bring any lunch and I'm just starved. Why a dime? Why you dumb thing, to get a sandwich—from the automatic machine over there. Well, for Heaven's sake, where've you been all the time? We've had it a week. O, there's Dorothy! Give me a dime, Dorothy? Thanks loads! * * * O girls! It's stuck! What'll I do? (Series of bumps, bangs, etc.). O goodness, just look at that sandwich! All mashed! But I'm so hungry I could eat anything. * * * Come on, let's get some candy.

* * * *

Study Hour in the Library:

"In Physics yesterday morning she didn't know a thing. I saw her the night before at the dance and she wore a perfectly stunning—"

"Do you see that girl over there? Well, my dear, she has the most adorable brother you ever saw. He goes to Rockhurst and—"

"Of course you know I'd have loved to have been there, but I just couldn't make it. Your parties are always so lovely that—"

"I couldn't get a single lesson last night. My little brother fell downstairs and we had to get a doctor and everything. I couldn't study, so mama said—"

"O my, yes! of course she has a pull, otherwise—"

"Did you get that last history question? I didn't either. I didn't have time. Let's just tell her we couldn't find it and—"

"Sh! There's Sister! Let's go downstairs. I want to tell you what Joe said last night. We went—"

Helene Berger, '26.

A Future McCormack Visits St. Teresa's

Mr. Joseph Regan, accompanied by his wife, entertained the school with a very interesting musical program Friday, January 15. Among the songs he sang for us were the well known "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer; "Little Mother o' Mine," by Burleigh, and "That's How the Shannon River Flows," by Ernest Ball.

He has a melodious tenor voice which has won for him much popularity.

"Mr. Regan, are you conscious of the beauty of your voice?" I asked.

"Yes, I am conscious," he replied, smiling. "But my voice seeks the approval of others."

His voice not only sought approval and found it, but it gained for him an opportunity to study abroad. For after singing in the new St. Vincent's church built by Mrs. Doheny in Los Angeles, he received a telegram on Christmas day saying that Mr. and Mrs. Doheny would sponsor his education for a year in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Regan plan to go abroad after the completion of their tour on the Orpheum Circuit. They contemplate first a trip to Ireland, naturally, since Mr. Regan is of Irish descent, then to Rome where he will have an audience with the Holy Father, then to Milan to study under Sabbatini, the instructor of the famous John McCormack.

"How long have you been studying and with whom?"

"Well, let me see! When a lad nine years old, I sang in the St. Francis de Sales choir in Boston. Later I became a protegee of the Vincentian Fathers of Chicago, and through them gave many concerts. I have studied with Elinore Bain of Chicago, with the Goldenberg School of Music of Cincinnati, Ohio, and in Europe. Before you ask I'll tell you that I made my first appearance on the legitimate stage in "Rock's Revue" in 1921. Since then I have appeared in the musical comedies "Heart o' Mine" and the "Hold-Up Man," for which I wrote the music and lyrics.

Venturing upon another question I asked what his aspirations were.

"Well," said he, "that's crossing the bridge before you come to it, but I will say that I endeavor to attain that which I dare not speak of. As a last word, I wish to extend my thanks to the faculty and students for their hearty welcome. I enjoyed my visit with them immensely and hope that I'll have the pleasure of being with them again."

Mr. Regan is heralded as a coming McCormack. Athlone, Ireland, gave us a

John McCormack. Can we predict that America will give us another?

We shall look forward to Mr. Regan's next visit, for he promised that after his year's study in Italy he would give a concert in Kansas City for St. Teresa's.

Bertie Forbstein, '26.

Father Stevenson On a Modern Writer

A very interesting lecture was given by Rev. Father Stevenson, S. J., at St. Teresa College last month. The lecture concerned the merits of G. K. Chesterton as a writer, and the influence of his work on the present-day mind. Chesterton is, indeed, one of the people, and his success in writing is due in a great measure to the fact that he has never allowed himself to grow old. The esteemed writer is not only prominent as the author of essays, novels, and poems, but also as a critic, and a very just one. It is not, however, as an essayist or a novelist that he will live, but as a poet.

Mr. Chesterton's definition of a Futurist is particularly good. He says, "Those who want Socialism call themselves Socialists. Those who wish Materialism to prevail call themselves Materialists, but those who do not know what they want call themselves Futurists."

Chesterton has lived a very human life, and he is one man in whom romance has never faded, as he continues to hold uppermost in his mind the ideals of youth.

Father Stevenson's lecture was based on intimate knowledge of the great modern author, and it was given in such an earnest manner as to make the students exclaim, "Would that we had more such lectures."

Lenadore Bass, '26.

Snow

The dirty streets are covered,
The clang of the cars is dead.
Over the city a silence hovers,
For a snowy blanket has sped
Down from the gracious heavens
To fall on the city's head.
How foolish and false is its bustle,
Like children at play it seems,
Whom mother patiently hushes
And soothes in their feverish dreams.
Footsteps are hushed on the pavement,
Windows are lighted, but dim.
Snow falls like the dripping candle,
And for once all is cleansed.
O fresh clean breath from the heavens,
Sweeping over mountain and plain,
Staying the stoutest tree from its swayings,
Cleansing men's souls from stain.

Mary Margaret Killiger, '26.

The Gleam

Published quarterly by the students of the St. Teresa Junior College and Academy, Windmoor, 57th and Main Sts., Kansas City, Missouri.

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Subscriptions.....\$1.00 per year.



Editorial

As this publication of the Gleam goes to press, the new semester is just beginning. Before we fling ourselves so wholeheartedly into the future let us pause and take a rapid summary of the past. In almost every business there is a period definitely set aside for retrospection, a time when an account may be taken as to just what has been done and what has been left undone. As school is the business in which every student is engaged let us take a balancing of the books now, when we have just cast off the old and are taking on the new.

The second semester may be called the student's New Year, for it is then that he makes his good resolutions as to all the time he intends devoting to his studies in the future. These resolutions too, may be likened to those made at the New Year—not of lasting quality. If we stop and think for a moment we will see how little necessary it is for us to turn over a new leaf for as Burdette says, there is very little on the old.

Let us take that old leaf then, the one we turned over at the beginning of the school year. If we scan it closely, we are able to discern some makings upon it, almost unintelligible now. "Resolved, to devote my mind and energies to my work, to give unstintingly of my time, to enter wholeheartedly into the various school activities, and to obtain as much from my work as my spiritual, mental and physical capacity allows."

That was a splendid resolution. Let us go over the dim markings in ink that will not fade or bear erasing for the page is witness to the fact that as resolutions grew hard to keep, erasures were only too frequent.

Perhaps for the present, it might be wise to let this one resolution suffice.

Have we lived up to it in the past? We will be frank. We have not—entirely. Parts of it we kept one time, parts of it another. But now, not in the future, but in the present, we will keep that one resolution as our pilot light. We will make our studies the first thing of importance in our lives. We will not begrudge the time given to a school affair. We will identify ourselves with some one activity at least, be it basketball, the Missions, or the Gleam, and lastly we will go into our work with the idea of giving all that we have to give and of taking away with us all the joy and real fun that goes into the life of a student.

Fructus Inter Folia

It is admitted that the real life of a people is always fairly reflected in their homes. Let us then view the Zulu in his home.

The house he lives in is a veritable hut, a round dome-shaped building, made by sticking a row of saplings in a circular trench dug a few inches deep. The diameter of this building is usually about sixteen feet. A second row of saplings is placed crosswise on the first row and is then fastened at the top. This is the framework of a structure, which is afterwards covered with grass, bound on by ropes. This makes up the home of the Zulu.

The home is called a "Umagh," and comprises a circle of huts. In his home the Zulu uses cooking utensils made of clay, fashioned by the women, and baked. Their table is a grass mat, and their table service is their fingers, or sometimes an "assegai" or meat knife.

It is the custom to relegate to the women most of the manual labor required in the production of food and the comforts of home. The woman must cut the grass and thatch the roof of the hut, carry the water and fire wood, cook the food and cultivate, reap and store the yearly crops needed for the home.

Dress in this province is conspicuous by its absence. The wardrobe of an ordinary Zulu consists of two or three dresses, made of the skin of a goat, calf, or buck, a blanket and a snuff box.

These people believe in the existence of an ancestral spirit of mankind. And while in this state of belief they cannot come to the realization that there is a God. However, through recent Missionary expeditions in the South African countries, the people are beginning more and more to recognize the One True God.

—From "Catholic Mission Magazine, December, 1925.

In the January, 1926, number of Scribner's, is to be found a very interesting and illustrated sketch of the Chinese, their occupations and beliefs. This article will give one a great deal of information concerning China, and the Chinese in general.

In this same number of Scribner's there is an instructive account of a number of widely known plays which are being produced by some of our American colleges. These plays are interestingly illustrated and criticized; among the most noteworthy are "The Play-boy of the Western World," "Fashion," "Dogwood," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The Book of the Month is said to be

"The Everlasting Man," by G. K. Chesterton. The reviewer says Mr. Chesterton's book is probably the best he has written. "The Everlasting Man" is so rich in good sense, in wit, and in plain profound truth that almost every page deserves a review to itself. If anyone has forgotten that man is the image of God, he cannot refresh his memory better than by reading this last book by G. K. Chesterton. In this book Mr. Chesterton deviates from his debating instinct and gives us a profound declaration of faith. —"Living Age."

Mary Catherine McCusker, '27.

St. Teresa Jr. College acknowledges with pleasure the following exchanges: Carroll News—John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Shadows—Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

Ursuline Tidings—Paola, Kansas.

Purple and White—Holy Cross Purple, Worcester, Mass.

The Agnetian—St. Agnes Academy, Kansas City.

The Sunflower—Marymount, Salina, Kansas.

The Dove—Mt. St. Scholastica, Atchison, Kansas.

With the Crusaders

The members of the Mission Unit assembled January 15 for the first meeting of 1926. A letter from the Diocesan Society was read by the president, Miss Catherine Muehlschuster. The Diocesan Society was organized at a previous meeting. Six bands were formed, two college and four high school. The promoters are Mary Margaret Killiger, Frances Stroub, Lucia Berger, Virginia Hamill, Elizabeth Ann Barber and Mary Frances Engleman. A dollar was given for each member of the unit from the funds of the St. Teresa Mission Unit and sent to the Diocesan director, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Kuenhof, together with the names of promoters.

Tickets are being sold for the Senior College Girls' play to be given February 14th for the benefit of the Missions.

Mary Purcell, '26.

The Book-Worm's Nook

It is needless to tell the students of the College and particularly those of the Academy that the new books are ready for use, following months of anxious waiting. And how interesting they have proven themselves to be. Among this collection may be found biographies, autobiographies, essays and of course many books of fiction.

The French students are quite delighted with the new French classics, among which are numbered Jocelyn, Harmonies, Meditations and Recueilements all by Lamartine.

We must not forget to mention the magazine corner for it holds an inexhaustible supply of information on current topics for those who must make a speech every Monday morning.

This semester the Senior College Class expect to see the ghost of Hamlet stalking about in Number 5, so of course, this means many hours overtime with Shakespeare.

Lenadore Bass, '26.

The Corsica Compact

"Oh goodness, will this class never end?" sighed Sue Martin to her neighbor, as Sister Mary went to the door.

"Sue, you are wanted at the office," announced Sister. "Hurry back," she added.

Of course everyone immediately became curious as to the business of this call. Sue was an Indian girl, impetuous and full of mischief. She frequently visited the office because of her pranks. Instead of a reprimand, Mother Aurelia merely handed the astonished girl a large yellow envelope, and said with a smile, "You're becoming rather popular, aren't you?" If Sue had been astonished, her amazement was something very great when she read the contents of the message.

"Come home. Will leave immediately for Spain."

Now Sue recalled that her aunt lived in Spain during the winter. Surely there was some mistake, or—but Mother Aurelia broke in on Sue's reverie and hurried her back to class. She crammed the paper into her pocket and presented a blank face to the inquiring glances cast in her direction. But that afternoon all of the first floor boarders assembled in 116 to hear the news.

"Oh, please don't go," exclaimed one.

"What is your aunt like?"

"Will you write to me?" came from another.

Sue smiled through her tears. "Yes, I'll try to do everything you want. I have never seen Aunt Sue, Betty. Oh, doesn't it sound exciting," exclaimed Sue, "Going to Spain, romantic Spain."

"Yes, romantic Spain, but don't you let any grand senor capture you, Sue Martin, or I'll never forgive you," cried a small blonde girl.

The study bell rang and the girls hurried away. At 3:00 o'clock on the following day a number of sad-faced girls bade Sue "bon voyage."

"Just think," exclaimed one, "Sue is gone." "What will we do?" wailed the others.

But the object of their conversation was in an entirely different state of mind. For isn't the thought of sailing to a foreign country in ten days enough to make any girl happy?

"Miss Martin?" said a very correct-looking woman.

Sue turned swiftly around. "Yes," she exclaimed, "who are you?"

"I am Miss Carlton's maid. Follow me, please," and she led the way to a waiting car.

"Oh goodness," thought Sue, "isn't it wonderful to hear English again?"

Very quickly they drove to a large villa. The maid relieved Sue of her wraps and led the way upstairs. As they neared the top of the stairs, a girl came quickly out of a room and ran down the hall. After dismissing the maid, Sue sat down to think. Why had not Aunt Sue met her? And who was the girl who had run out of the room that Sue now occupied? "Oh well"—and she diverted her thoughts to the room itself. A large chest, delicately carved, attracted her eye. Crossing the room she bent to open it, but found that it was locked.

"Dinner at seven," announced a maid, and Sue hurried to change her clothes. As she left her room, a tall girl, dressed in black, brushed past her, but stopped long enough to glance through the open door. Well—who under the sun?" said Sue to herself.

In the dim light of the library Sue did not notice the woman seated at a desk, until she rose and coming over, kissed her on the cheek. "My dear niece, so you arrived at last," she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Sue, "but I was beginning to fear I had come to the wrong house, as I did not meet anyone but maids," she added.

"But didn't Senorita Marcheta meet you?" asked her astonished Aunt. "I told her to meet you at the train," she continued as Sue shook her head.

But the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, dark Spanish girl, who was dressed in a black gown, and wore a lace shawl thrown over her head.

"Good evening, Marcheta," said Miss Carlton, "this is my niece, Miss Sue Martin."

"Good evening, Miss Martin, answered the senorita, in a rather distant voice.

Just then the dinner gong sounded.

"Have you a key to that old chest?"

Sue asked her Aunt at dinner. The Spanish girl started violently and turned very pale.

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Carlton of Marcheta before she answered Sue's question.

"Wh—er—just a little indigestion, I guess," the girl faltered.

Sue retired early because she was very tired. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a sound. Very cautiously she raised herself on one elbow and peered through the dark. Presently she distinguished a figure bending over the queer old chest. She rose and crept over to where the person was.

"Oh," gasped Sue, as she recognized the senorita bending over the chest, "what in the world are you doing here?"

The senorita jumped up excitedly. "Oh-h, what shall I do? Oh Madonna, help me!" The American girl stared at the distracted Spanish girl.

Marcheta suddenly dropped beside the chest, and taking a key from her bosom she opened the lock and delved into it.

"The Corsica Compact!" she muttered. "Oh where is it? Have you taken it?" she exclaimed.

"Why," gasped Sue, "I don't want it. What is it?"

"Oh," answered the girl, "it's an heirloom. I hid it—oh, here it is!" she shouted.

"A letter from Spain!" shouted Betty Linden.

Very quickly the girls assembled to hear the contents of Sue's letter.

Dear Girls:—

Just a note to tell you about the exciting times here. The senorita, the Spanish girl who lives with Auntie, has an heirloom, the Corsica Compact (her family name was Corsica). One night I awoke to find someone in my room, and discovered it was she, looking for the treasure in a chest. It seems that some American claims it, so consequently she thought I was after that Compact.

No, it isn't a powder box, girls. It is a beautiful Spanish shawl.

I shall write more, soon.

SUE.

Virginia Kable, '27.

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An Hour With T. A. Daly

Mr. T. A. Daly, the dialect poet, visited our school January 20. He was received most enthusiastically by the faculty and students, and no assembly ever proved more interesting.

Mr. Daly, in his sincere and serious manner, explained his dislike for the "Boshevik Bard," or the free verse writer who proclaims the unimportance of rhyme and rhythm. "The boshevik bard fills his verse so full of what he deems the all important element, thought, that his verse becomes incomprehensible, even to himself." Dr. Daly compared a short poem "Destruction," with some of the "Polly Poms," much to the credit of the latter.

The speaker said: "My verses are simple stories and rhymes with flashes of poetry here and there. They are homely stories, decidedly so, since they are written about neighbors, particularly Irish neighbors, who are my own people. I write of the Irishtocracy, not the aristocracy."

"The Blossomy Wheelbarrow" showed the tender love of the despised "Wop" for nature, and his regard for the beautiful. "Pasquale Passes" and "I No Can Marry Both o 'dem" depict Italian wit.

After luncheon Mr. Daly spoke to the Lower School, and the appended verses, suggested by his poem "I Have a Little Kitty," show how responsive the youngsters were.

Bertie Forbestein, '26.

My Little Doggie

(Original spelling and punctuation preserved)

I have a little doggie,
He barks when it is foggie,
For he thinks its getting night,
But that's one time he's not right.

But when the sun begins to shine,
My little dog begins to whine,
But when my little doggie dines,
My but his eyes do shine.

Now my doggie is old and fat,
All he likes to do is to sit on my lap.
Sometimes he barks and sometimes he whines,

But just the same he's mine; all mine.
Helen Diltz (Aged 9)

My Queer Dolly

My dolly dear is very very queer,
She doesn't walk or talk or sleep.
But if she is so queer I think she is a dear,

On the floor she sits and holds a tiny sheep.

My dolly has painted hair and face,
She has a cotton body and a little hat,
And a pink dress trimmed with lace,
And her name is little Pat.

My dolly is made of cotton and cloth,
But I keep her clothed in nice warm dresses.

And she gets dirty very oft',
And when she plays she makes messes.

As I say, my dolly's queer because she doesn't eat,

She has some stockings that are pink
And has the tiniest little feet,
And in her hair she has a kink.

Helen Samuel (Aged 11)

Carvers of Words

The cutting of a reading from a short story is one of the important requirements for the completion of the course in Oral Interpretation. This demand necessitates careful individual reading and independent judgment on the student's part. On December 18, Miss Lenadore Bass read "The Jewel," a cutting, which she had made from a story of the same title appearing in the Ladies Home Journal. Miss Catherine Muehlschuster gave the beautiful reading, "The Angel and the Shepherds" from "Ben Hur."

In the afternoon of the same day the Christmas season was opened with the presentation of a program by the grade children. A delightful glimpse of childhood was given by Billy Berger in the reading, "My Christmas Stocking." "The Christmas Casualties" offered amusement not only for the older girls but for the parents and teachers as well. The tiny girls were doll-like in their dress, speech and jointed, mechanical movements. "The Story of the Star" has never been told in a more magnificent manner than by the artistic pantomime given by sixth, seventh and eighth grade students.

Miss Lenadore Bass, Miss Helen Berger and Miss Catherine Muehlschuster appeared in the "China Pig," which was given before the Dillenbeck Alumnae at the Hotel Muehlebach, January 5. The efforts of the members of the Dramatic Art Club were commented on favorably by the Alumnae.

Mary Margaret Cizek and Bernice Ake gave readings at the last Mission meeting.

The China Pig will be offered again on February 14th with two other plays entitled, "This Is So Sudden," and "Rainbow Gold." The latter is a work from the pen of Rev. Father Daniel Lord, S. J., the author of the "Pageant of Youth." The proceeds from the plays will be sent to the Mission Fund.

The Book Chat Club held the annual tea at the Muehlebach Hotel January 21, 1926, and was entertained by Miss Catherine Muehlschuster who read "The Hidden Road," "My Lindy" and "The Bud Vase."

The High School classes are working on pantomime and from the various sources of gossip their work is excellent; their pantomime unique.

If one is writing on industrious youth the Dramatic Art Department offers a ready study, as all the students of that department are engaged in executing designs and preparing scenes for their miniature theatres which are under construction. The class is divided into two groups, one of which is interpreting a scene for the play, "Rainbow Gold," and the other group is making a setting for the "Maker of Dreams."

Frances Stroub, '27.

Can you imagine Kathleen Soden as cheer leader?

Eva not saying "honey"?

Bertha De Lay not asking for money?

Katherine DeNoya very excited?

Mary Margaret Connoles not talking herself out of trouble?

Catherine Muehlschuster sophisticated?

Helene Berger refusing to ride in a Dodge?

Margaret Ann Woodlief keeping a secret?

Mildred Pearson walking to school?

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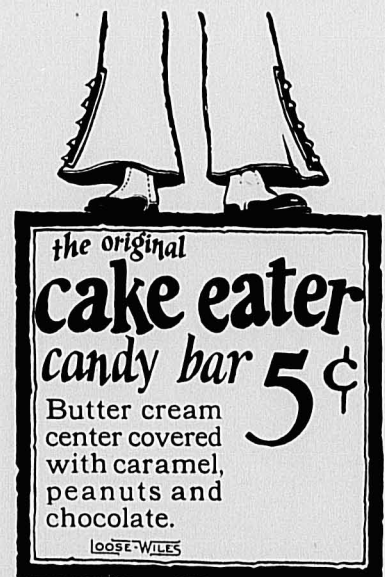
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"Jacqueline"

(A story written by the senior high school class to be published in three installments)

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY GIRL

"Chinatown!" The word came from the lips of everyone in the party.

"How dirty!"

"But how mysterious!" It was not every day that the "400" of Chicago found themselves among the haunts of the river front. Brad Barkley's set was out for a lark. The theatre they had attended earlier in the evening had proven too boring, and midnight found them in—Chinatown!

"What narrow, crooked streets! They are hardly more than alleys!" came from fastidious little Gloria.

"Not all are broad boulevards in Chicago," Brad was always beside her when Gloria was in sight.

"This reminds me of the dives in Paris, doesn't it you?"

"Good idea, Betty. Suppose we hunt up some of these Chinese dens," exclaimed one of the young men.

"Brad, since you are the guide of this party we elect you official finder." Brad stepped out into the middle of the narrow, cobbled street to peer beyond a building that jutted out into the roadway. There his gaze was held. Under the murky light of the gas street lamp stood a girl. She seemed to be intently watching something across the street, but the projecting building prevented Brad from seeing what it was. He turned to call his crowd and in that moment she disappeared.

Saying nothing of what he had seen, he led his party to where the girl had been standing. All around them were tiny, cluttered up shops. All were closed, and completely dark at this late hour. Only a small doorway across the street stood open with a glimmer of light beyond. A Chinese sign above the doorway gave the party no idea of what lay beyond it.

"That doorway looks promising. Let's go in."

"Can't someone read Chinese? I'd like to know what we're getting into."

Gloria did not explore doorways, particularly Chinese doorways.

"I'll take care of you," Brad said mockingly. "Come on folks. They will tell us to leave if we are not wanted. It's probably only a chop suey cafe." Brad was determined to go in, for this offered a hiding place for the girl. Maybe she was in trouble. She did not appear to belong in this part of town.

They pushed through the door, tumbled down three or four offending steps and gazed around them. The atmosphere was heavy with smoke, which almost choked them, and the strong fumes sickened them. The place was dimly lighted, but they were able to see the Chinamen scattered about the dingy room. Some were playing games in a sleepy sort of a way, and others were contentedly smoking. None gave any sign of noticing the party.

A door across the room opened and a little old chinamen came out and stopped to speak to another sitting nearby. Brad's keen eyes took in the details of this adjoining room. It, too, was dingy and dirty and was evidently an office of some

kind. Boxes were piled against the wall of the room and there were cases full of books and papers.

The room was unoccupied but no—! There were two people bent over a littered table. One was a hideous chinamen and the other—the other was the girl! Brad stared and stared until she was clearly imprinted on his mind. She was decidedly pretty and very well dressed. She must belong to his part of town. It was startling to think of her being down here alone, or worse with that Chinese hag.

It was as if some one had hit him when the door of that room closed, so intently had he been watching the girl. He looked quickly around at his companions, but no one was noticing him. They had not even seen the interior of the other room. Brad said nothing but determined to find the girl again. Puzzles or mysteries always interested Brad, and here was a puzzling mystery.

Alas for his resolution, Brad never again saw the girl. For weeks following the trip to Chinatown she was always in his mind. He watched for her diligently in his own neighborhood, at parties, and even made another trip to the cafe where he had seen her. But she was lost to him in the multitude in Chicago.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASKED BALL

The Christmas holidays were nearing and Brad was caught up in the whirl of gayeties and parties. One, a house party, was at the home of his most intimate chum, Dick Cameron, who lived in the most aristocratic neighborhood of New York. Gloria and some of his friends were there. They made a round of the various country clubs during the days, and attended the hotel dances in the evenings. During the excitement of the holidays, Brad had quite forgotten his adventure of the previous month in Chinatown.

On the third day of his visit Brad received a letter from his father, asking him to attend to a business matter there for him. He was to meet the gentleman, a Mr. Howard, of whom his father had written, at four o'clock on the day of the Yale-New York University polo game. Gloria was angry and disappointed that Brad would not be able to take her to the game.

Brad left Dick's home at three o'clock since an hour was plenty of time in which to reach Mr. Howard's office. When he arrived there, he noticed it was only three-thirty so he decided to take a bus ride around the down town district.

The bus happened to stop for traffic in front of a fashionable down town hotel. Brad noticed a young girl coming out, who stood at the curb as if looking for her car. She resembled someone he had seen before. The realization of whom she was suddenly came to him. She was the girl he had seen in Chinatown! He had forgotten her in the desire to win the favor of Gloria, but again she was clearly imprinted on his mind.

Just then the bus started. He was so overcome he didn't realize what was happening. When he came to, his car had passed the place where he was supposed to get off. He hurried to Mr. Howard's office and transacted the business for his

father in a daze. He was so taken up with the thought of seeing the girl again that he could hardly keep his mind on the subject of business.

As soon as he could leave Mr. Howard, Brad went to the hotel where he had seen the girl, in hopes that she had returned. After he arrived home, he became calmer and realized that it would not have done him much good to have seen her for he could not have addressed her since he did not know her.

That night a carnival masked ball took place. Until now Brad had forgotten he was to take Gloria. Would she go after the disappointment of the polo game? His doubt disappeared when Gloria met him at the door.

"Oh! Brad! Here at last! Where have you been all this time? Hurry or we'll be late."

"I was out with my girl of mystery. Gloria were you worried about me?"

"Er—why—of course not! What ever made you think of that?"

"I took it for granted you would be."

At this Gloria turned on her heel and walked away, knowing Brad would follow, which he did.

What happened then has no connection with our story.

The hotel where the carnival was to be held was a mass of flowers and lights. In one corner, behind a screen of palms, an orchestra played soft, entrancing music. Gloria was a dream. Brad seemed more in love with her than ever. They impersonated Poirrot and Poirrette. At two o'clock everyone was to unmask. Somehow Brad and Gloria became separated during the evening. Just as the last dance began, Brad saw Poirrette at the opposite side of the ballroom. He pushed his way through the dancers, and without waiting for her consent, he whirled away with her in his arms.

"You don't mind dancing this last dance with me, do you?" looking at her adoringly.

"I don't know whether I do or not," she said teasingly.

"You look simply great tonight. That costume certainly suits you."

"How do you know it suits me?" she questioned.

"Well—don't I know you well enough?"

"I wasn't aware of the fact," she answered a little coolly.

Not knowing how to reply, Brad changed the subject.

"Don't you think you've rather neglected me all evening?" Brad asked.

"Have I ever neglected you?" Poirrette answered reprovingly.

The cry "unmask" was heard through the hall.

When they unmasked, Brad found in his arms, instead of Gloria, the girl from Chinatown!

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL

"You!" Brad was puzzled.

"You!" she echoed.

At that moment Gloria appeared at their side, the only time she was not welcome to Brad.

"Oh! So you know each other?" Gloria.

"Indeed we do not," came from the girl.

"I noticed you dancing together all evening," answered Gloria sneeringly.

"I thought I was dancing with you, Gloria," Brad said in a dazed way.

"I don't understand," Gloria said coolly. "I think I can explain."

Here Brad came to. "Do you girls know each other?"

"Yes, we were college chums."

Brad was very impatient.

"Great; Gloria, do the honors."

Gloria unwillingly said, "Brad, this is Jacqueline Manners. Miss Manners, this is Mr. Bradford Barkely."

Brad was very calm now. "I'm very glad to know you, Miss Manners."

Jacqueline turned to Gloria and said, "Pardon me, please. My escort is waiting."

"When are you going home, Jacqueline?" Gloria said.

"I'm leaving tomorrow. I'll see you in Chicago. Good-bye."

Without giving Brad, who was watching her spellbound, a glance, she left the room.

Gloria was giving a tea dance the following week at her home in Chicago. Jacqueline was to come with a cousin of Gloria's. He was very much in love with Jacqueline. Her brother, Bob, was to accompany them. When they arrived at Gloria's, Brad, of course, was at Gloria's side.

Brad spoke very politely, "How do you do, Miss Manners?"

He received, however, nothing but a very cool nod from Jacqueline, and wondered what he had done to offend her. He had only known her since last night and he could think of nothing he had done which could have deserved such coolness from Jacqueline. He determined to ask her during the afternoon.

His chance came when he noticed Jacqueline talking to a very uninteresting young man. He threaded his way to where she was seated and asked her for that dance. She consented very coolly. Brad came to the point at once.

"Don't you think I'm entitled to an explanation for your attitude towards me, Miss Manners? I'd like to apologize if I've done anything to offend you."

"It isn't necessary for I couldn't accept it."

Brad showed plainly he was hurt.

"I can't understand your dislike for me on so short an acquaintance."

"It isn't just you."

"What do you mean," said Brad amazed.

"I may as well tell you. Several years ago your father inflicted a great wrong upon my family."

"I understand now. I'm sorry I bothered you. I won't again," he answered sorrowfully.

"Thank you," returned Jacqueline a bit sorrowfully too, if Brad had only noticed it.

However, Brad would have liked to know just what the injury was of which his father was guilty, but being a gentleman, he did not press the question.

A few weeks later Brad happened to be lunching at the Blackstone Hotel. As he had entered the dining room he had noticed Jacqueline sitting at the table back of him. He spoke to her very politely, and she answered him in just the right tone of voice. He was almost ready to leave when a very peculiar old man came

to Brad's side of the room. He stopped at Jacqueline's table.

"Ah, Miss Manners! I am so very glad to see you."

"Why, how do you do, Mr.?" Brad did not catch the stranger's name.

"I received your instructions," the strange man continued, "and was able to get the papers for you. I haven't them now, but I can get them by this evening. Could you meet me at the corner of Second and Riverside Street at ten-thirty this evening, Miss Manners?"

"I shall be there," Jacqueline responded. "Thank you so very much for the trouble I've caused you."

Brad thought that ten-thirty might find him also in Chinatown.

DID IT?

Read the next installment to this mysterious story if you want the answer.

"Pet Sayings of the Faculty"

Teachers chief idiosyncrasies often are their excessive use of expressive remarks. Anyway here are a few. Can you guess whose they are?

—tells us "if you don't settle down and work you may just leave the class."

—lamentations are "I really don't know what I am going to do with this class."

—"There is good material in this class, the only thing is that you don't use it."

—"You are very unattentive."

When we consider each and every one of our many teachers we find the truth in the saying with which we started this little thought, that teachers chief idiosyncrasies often are their excessive use of expressive remarks.

Dorothy Weldon, '29.

A Sad Story

When I started on my journey I was considered very beautiful. The first few months of my life my owner took very good care of me, and I always gave good service every time, never complaining.

But my owner soon began to treat me very roughly. I do not know why for I still gave good service. My beauty was now vanishing. Sometimes my owner would even suggest to put me away in my proper place, and if I were put away, often my brothers and sisters were jammed against me. Unfortunately, I received many lashes and marks, but with all the knowledge I contain and the information I can give I shall be an asset to the shelf I grace, though only a worn-out book.

Lucille Smith, '26.

A Valentine Wish

Pray to good St. Valentine

That with his wisdom rare.

He'll sound the depths of each girl's heart

And find a message there.

I beg that he will intercede

So that for long years through,

She'll find her life a joyous task

With all her dreams come true.

Frances J. Helm, '20.

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The Chinese Theatre

One of the most interesting sights in China is the theatre. Upon entering the theatre in Shanghai we were handed a large square pink paper covered with Chinese writing. This was their program, which we were very glad to keep as a souvenir.

We sat in the balcony on chairs, and looking down we saw men, women and children sitting on the floor which was covered with tiny mats. They were all sitting at tables and were very audibly sipping tea, eating watermelon seeds and dishes of steaming viands, smoking cigarettes and gossiping with their neighbors. A waiter at the rear of the hall would throw tightly wrapped bundles of steaming food toward the front, where another would deftly catch them and throw back soiled dishes. These bundles were continually soaring overhead like hats under the rafters. We were served with tea, melon seeds and different viands, and found they were delicious. When the towels came around we all used them in true Chinese fashion.

The actors had been on the stage since noon, impersonating famous emperors, cunning counselors, or ancient sages in their plays which last from thirty to forty minutes each. The actors are all men as no women are allowed to take part in the drama. It would be impossible to describe the number of small plays we saw that evening. It was especially entertaining to observe their customs in regard to the theatre.

The stage was bare of scenery except for a beautiful embroidered curtain hung across the back, and a rug on the floor. This rug is a magic carpet that carries the actors from Mongolia to Tibet, from market place to palace, and from forest to prison. It is necessary only to go out the left hand door and re-appear immediately through the right hand door. Darkness was indicated by a candle or lighted lantern and the passage of time by beating the drum. The waving of flags showed that the wind was blowing and the tossing of paper flakes into the air by the property man in full view of all of us, created a snow storm. When an actor wished to cross a door-sill he raised his feet about eight inches off the floor as he stepped. To open or close a door, they went through the pantomime of drawing a bolt and opening the door. During a battle the general went on a hill to view the combat and climbed on a chair to do it. The cavalry was signified by riding whips.

The property man in his yellow jacket was seen on the stage at all times. He is used to doing odd jobs, such as placing a cushion for the heroine to kneel on, or removing the general's outer coat for battle, instead of servants in the direct cast. The Chinese feel that human nature is able to create for itself any stage illusion necessary.

We found that in costumes, properties and business, much was typical and symbolic. Head dresses and facial makeups were important. A warrior wears four pheasant feathers and his face is painted in a gruesome manner to inspire fear. If he is good he wears a square hat and if wicked, a round hat. A face painted pure white denotes a wicked person. An un-

painted face means a good character. Red designates an honest and faithful man, gold a heavenly beam. Several colors applied unevenly proclaim a robber. The white nose is the mark of a clown. Gods, spirits, nuns, and monks carry horsehair switches. The costumes worn are generally embroidered and jewelled with precious stones on tiny mirrors.

Installed in a corner of the stage was the orchestra. There was the kettle drum, brass cymbals, flute and violin playing continually throughout the plays. The actors speak in a sing song voice to the accompaniment of this screeching music. Although it is ear-splitting to listen to, the actors spend years learning to speak in this way before going on the stage.

We saw a great deal of sword-play in the dramas. The actors seemed to fly at each other, but always managed to miss their opponents. Their stage battles amount to quick passes, whirling about, throwing their weapons in the air, catching them, and spinning them around. After the battle the defeated warrior leaves the stage followed by the victorious one. One man carrying a flag denotes a thousand men.

The play given at Pekin by China's idol, Mei-Tan-Fang, in our honor, was enacted by him personally. It seemed almost too Americanized. We were more impressed with the one we saw in Shanghai, because of the native life and atmosphere which it brought out.

Mary Cecilia Kurt, '24.

"A Beautiful Mind in a Beautiful Body"

Truly, the Grecians of old had nothing on us for under Dorothy Perkins' direction, those little unheard-of muscles do any number of complicated turns. Thus, she is moulding our bodies to frame the noble thoughts inspired by the faculty and atmosphere of St. Teresa.

Miss Marion Patrick, who assists Miss Perkins most ably, is a splendid example of how much dancing can really do for one. Our little tots are exerting every force within them on a little Dutch dance, and who wouldn't when Miss I. Glick is accompanying them with "O, Katharina."

Crossword puzzles used to make us wonder, but so do the college girls on Thursday at one o'clock, for their interest is at a climax as they head toward the gym. I've wondered and listened and solved the puzzle. The haunting melody of "The Merry Widow Waltz," has revealed that these very girls are learning the much talked of classical waltz. I am sure if Mae Murray could witness its execution in our gym, her eyes would change color.

Prep: "Can you Charleston?"

College Girl (Soph.): "No, I take dancing lessons under Miss Perkins."

Catherine Dever, '27.

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What Central Must Think of Our Family

The busy girl at Central has a wonderful opportunity to study the character of the subscriber. I have often wondered what she thinks of our family. Our telephone is busy about twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

First, mother uses it every morning to order her groceries. Then Central begins to get busy on our line. My older sister is called by someone who has more leisure than sense, and although she and the party to whom she is talking have probably visited each other the day before, one would think that each had just returned from a trip to Europe from the way they spend an hour or so saying nothing of importance. Then, my brother has some questions to ask another boy about the football game or some other equally important subject. Next came my three younger sisters waiting in line to ask some girl they were in school with the day before about some lesson.

I can imagine the poor girl at Central with ninety-nine other numbers to look after, plugging in on our line and getting the busy signal, saying to herself: "For goodness sake, I wonder if that family think I have nothing else to do but look after their phone." Soon there comes a lull and again the bright flashes.

"Hello," she says, "the old reliable phone is doing service again."

So it goes until about 10 p. m. when mother tiptoes to the phone and asks the correct time. Then central says:

"Thank goodness, now I shall get time enough to give some attention to the really important phone subscribers for mother has at last put the children to bed."

Mary Purcell, '26.



"You can always tell a Senior by the manner of her walk,

You can always tell a Freshie by the manner of her talk;

For the Senior looks on Freshie with a scornful look and sneer,

You are nothing but a baby and you have no business here."

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Would two stitches in time save eighteen?

Notes

Two of our girls dedicated their lovely voices to the service of the Lord during Christmas time. Miss Catherine Muehl-schuster sang a solo at the Midnight Mass in Visitation Church, and Margaret Mary Cizek sang an "Ave Maria" in the church at Excelsior Springs.

The Glee Club is doing some good work this year. With so many promising voices we ought to be able to stage an attractive production.

Lorene Soden and Berenice Pearson find much pleasure in their work on the harp. We shall look forward to hearing them in recital soon.

The orchestra made its first public appearance this year at the Christmas plays given by the pupils of the Lower School. Since the New Year Miss Caroline Schmitt has been wielding the baton, with Frances Harrington as an alternate. Congratulations on your poise, Frances. Keep it up.

These took part in a pretty recital a few weeks ago: Marguerite Feters, Mary Alice Murphy, Helene Miller, Helen Samuels, Mildred Malloy, Dorothy Pearson, Josephine Sweeney, Janet Garvey, Mary Virginia Bray, Helen Twombly, Mary Harrington, Gwen d'Hemecourt, Mary Lou Riley, Peggy Gould, Barbara Ann Porter, Ruth Steer, Jean McCandless, Helen Skinner.

Representatives from St. Teresa's attended the third annual conference of the Missouri Federation of Music Clubs at the Hotel Baltimore.

The Sophomore and Freshman music pupils are playing for the assemblies. "Martha," previously studied in the Music Appreciation Class, was heard in Ivanhoe Temple January 7. The students appreciated the variation from the usual symphony concert.

A dull green background with a statuesque figure in ivory gradually emerging, a Venetian scene, lamp-vases, colorful dinner-sets, and eager heads bent over cartoons and designs are contributions to the joy of life these days by the studios.

Whence come those odors that entice the wanderers to the third floor back? Why, the students in Domestic Science are experimenting, and they eat the results of their experiments. Lucky girls! Just think what would happen to the girls in Chemistry of Physics if they should attempt to do likewise.

Miss Carmody is as rich in knowledge as Solomon himself, and many are the bits of knowledge she imparts to her students as they sew seams and adjust hooks. Come and visit our dressmaking shoppe and you will see some clever garments.



"Only Five Minutes More"

Did You Know That—

Helene Berger seems to be unusually happy?

Katherine Dever is actually seen at times without a smile on her face?

Beatrice Rhae has at last taken up the psycho-analysis of "The Art of Studying?"

Lenadore Bass contemplates joining a school of matrimony?

Louis Walsh sings, "Oh How I Miss You Tonight?"

Margaret Ann Woodlief has taken up the study of "Homer"?

Bertha De Lay is now "Keeping the Home Fires Burning?"

Lorene Soden is a misanthrope?

Mary Margaret Killiger skips through the corridors when no one is looking?

Harriet Burnett is dieting?

The faculty have excused the entire school from mid-year exams?

Bertie Forbestein, '26.

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Alumnae Flickerings

The Editor of The Alumnae Flickerings wishes to offer an apology to the Alumnae for the absence of an Alumnae page in the previous publication of "The Gleam." It was wholly due to a misunderstanding of the date on which the publication went to press, and she hopes that this same apology may never have to be made again. Therefore some of the important events which took place long before Christmas will be published in this issue.

Resume of Events

October 15th, St. Teresa's Day, found many of the Alumnae members assisting at Mass at the Academy Chapel. A breakfast followed, given by the Sisters. The annual meeting opened at 10:30. The main object of this meeting was to prepare ways and means of raising money to further the Educational Fund and to make definite plans concerning an Alumnae card party.

On November 14th the Alumnae Association held a benefit bridge at the Catholic Community Club. The prizes were donated by generous members, and the Alumnae was successful in clearing one hundred and thirty dollars.

The state meeting of the Missouri Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held at the Catholic Community Club, November 7th and 8th.

The annual Christmas checks were sent to St. Anthony's Baby Home and to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The members of the Alumnae extend their heartfelt sympathy to the members of the family of the late Mrs. Martin Crowe and Mrs. Nora McNamara. Masses were read for the deceased mothers of the members.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William Chamberlain of Detroit, Mich., announce the birth of a son November 19. Mrs. Chamberlain was Miss Stella Hamilton, '11.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hickman announce the marriage of their daughter Dorothy Lee to Mr. Albert Donovan, Saturday, December 12, at Redemptorist Church. Miss Hickman was a graduate of the Class of 1919.

Mr. Edward Dean announces the engagement of his daughter, Dorothea, class '20, to Mr. S. Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Young.

We have word that Mrs. Donald Byrne's (Emma Sedinfaden, '19), present address is Box 501 Boynton, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher announce the engagement of their daughter Margaret, to Mr. Edward Doyle. The marriage will take place in June.

Miss Katherine Helm, '24, spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Helm. Katherine is a sophomore of St. Mary of the Woods College in Indiana.

Mrs. Mary Mathews Lynch is now in Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Genevieve Dillon (College '25), has returned from a visit in the east with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Givett announce the birth of a daughter, Aileen Patricia. Mrs. Givett was Margaret Morton, '22.

Miss Marcelline Pendergast is attending National Park Seminary at Forest Glen, Maryland. She writes that the girls are very companionable, but she misses her S. T. A. friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryant are the proud parents of another girl whom they have named Joan Marie. Joan Marie was born in September, 1925.

Mr. Joseph E. Walsh announces the marriage of his daughter Helen, to Mr. John L. Bannister on Wednesday, January 13, 1926.

Mr. Hugh J. Curran announces the marriage of his daughter Dorothy, to Mr. John Percy Huston, Saturday, January 2, 1926.

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The Right Mr. Rong

A young man hesitated before entering the outer offices of the firm of Wright and Rong. He had come to see Mr. Rong, the senior partner, on important business, and through his friends and acquaintances he had learned much about the gentleman. Mr. Rong was known to be most eccentric and quick tempered, liable to fly into a violent rage apparently at nothing at all.

Our young friend waited in the outer office until his turn came, at which he leaped up and hurried towards the door of Mr. Rong's office. Before he turned the knob, however, he stopped, took two and one-half long breaths and flung the door open. There in the center of the room, legs wide apart and hands in his pockets, stood the much dreaded man. He was short and broad with a shiny bald head and a peculiar mouth that never revealed whether he was about to burst out laughing or crying.

"This is your office, sir?" asked the boy.

"It is."

"You must be Rong?"

"Indeed I am not."

"B— but you said—"

"I said this is my office and I am right."

"Oh, but you can't be," contradicted the young fellow whose name was Jim, and who knew that Mr. Wright was a much younger man.

"My good young man, if you came in here to pick a fight—"

At that Jim walked from the room and asked the office boy what he meant by sending him into Mr. Wright's office.

"That is not Mr. Wright's office, it is Mr. Rong's."

Jim took his courage in one hand and marched firmly back in again.

"Then you are Rong?" he began in a loud and quaking voice.

"What, you back again? How many times must I tell you, I am right and this is my office."

"But your office boy and everyone out there says that you are Rong."

"Just to prove to you that I am right, I'll call them all in and ask them."

Going over to his desk, he pushed every button on it, and in a moment the office was filled with the various employees of the firm.

"I just want you to right a little wrong for me; it will take only a moment. This gentleman marched boldly in here and asked me if this is my office. I told him it was. Then the impertinent young person immediately informed me that I was wrong. Now you have all worked here long enough to answer this simple question: Am I right or wrong?"

"Rong!" they roared in chorus.

"You may go," said Mr. Rong in a bewildered voice.

"You see, sir, you are Rong and have been all your life."

"I guess I ought to know. This is my office and I am right, so before you leave this place I shall prove it to you."

At that moment the door was flung madly open and a young girl tore in crying.

"Hurry up, Dad, I'm starved. See, I'm right on time, too, for a change, and

that should make some impression on you."

"You're just the one I need," cried the poor old gentleman, and he related everything to her while poor Jim sat on the edge of Mr. Rong's desk holding his hands, while he twirled his thumbs and looked forlorn and miserable.

Looking from one worried face to the other, the girl began to laugh and it took her thirty minutes to explain to them.

"You are Rong, daddy, but you are also right."

Kathleen Soden, '27.

Troubles of a Freshie

I

When first we entered high school

We thought we were high in the world.

To Juniors, Seniors and everyone

Our battle cry we hurled.

II

But lo! our hopes are shattered,

And half the year has past,

In everything that comes along

The Freshies get in last.

III

The Senior has no use for us,

The Junior laughs and sneers;

The Sophomore looks as if to say

"You have no business here."

IV

Yea! our troubles are many,

But what can a Freshie say,

Just take the scorn of the wicked world

And wait for a better day.

Dorothy Weldon, '29.

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My Best Friend

Although I have many friends and companions I have an especial admiration and love for this one. I could not make as many trips to town, visit my girl friends homes, and do things for other people if my friend were not with me. I fear I would also miss many days at school in inclement weather, were it not for my pal, because I live quite a distance from school.

It is true that my friend is very discouraging at times, and will not do as I wish when I am in a hurry, but the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. When mother is in a hurry for something from the grocery store or from town my friend is always waiting patiently to accompany me, a companion of whom I never tire.

To some people my friend appears to be homely, but to me she is about perfect as the saying is, beauty is only skin deep. I almost forgot to mention my friend's name, it is quite French and she is very proud of it. It is "Ford Coupe."

Frances Harrington, '27.

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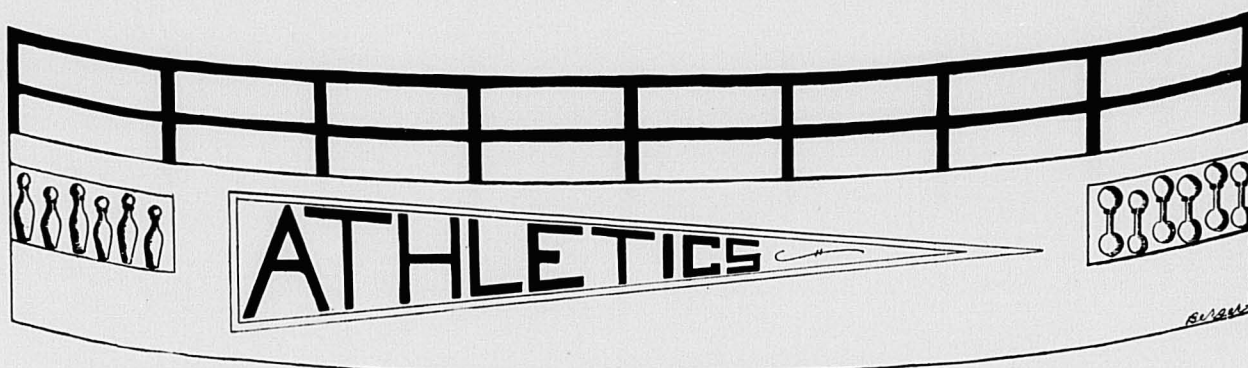
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Have we pep! Just visit our gym and see the inspiration. Miss Eleanor Canny, as our coach, keeps the floor covered at all hours with prospective players, all too eager to demonstrate their athletic ability and fight for the dear old gold and white. Let us all be able to say the above lines are more truth than poetry. We have material galore for a splendid team, so let's make our first basketball game a decided march to victory as so many of them were last season. We all seek honor, so plan to sacrifice a few shows and spend your idle hours in practice. Observe all the rules of training. They keep you thin and happy and make your chance for victory secure.

Volley Ball

We salute the Juniors for doubling the honors of '27 on the Inter-Class Volley Ball Pennant.

After several preliminary games with the grades and the High School, the semi-finals were held. In the first games with the college Freshmen and Juniors, the latter carried their team to triumph with a score of 21-15. The final contest between the Juniors and Freshmen in high school made the Junior's victory a decisive one. They proudly claimed the pennant with a score of 21-18. As may be judged from the scores, all the games were close battles and many a well-shaped fingernail was mutilated during the course of the game by the players as well as the onlookers.

We thank those who attended our games and hope they enjoyed them as much as we did. If a gasp, a hush, a shriek and a sudden start mean anything, I'm sure many spectators have experienced a thrill as they watched the Windmoor team hurl the ball safely over the net.

Basketball

Are you all aware that the last of the Inter-Class games is due very soon? As the old saying goes, "Let the best one win." As the custom is the Inter-Class games will decide what girls will play on the real Windmoor team, and of course each girl wants to be among the players. Don't worry if your guard is a very good player. Just rejoice, but try to make yourself just a wee bit better. If by an accident or trick of fate, your superior playing ability is overlooked, just join the rooters and make your echoes of cheer resound throughout the season. We need cheer and pep for every trial so don't be a slacker when our athletic reputation is at stake.

FIRST INTER-CLASS GAMES

Reviewing the schedule, we note that the first Inter-Class basketball game was played on February 18, between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Speaking of excitement, the tiny Freshmen reminded one of the Rockhurst Midgets as they dashed across the field, ever gaining on the Sophomores. In spite of hard playing the score was nearly a tie at the half, but thanks to the long distance throws of Virginia Groves and the speed of Jimmy Rice, the Freshmen were able to ward off the Sophomores successfully, who glory in Dorothy Randolph as a goal thrower. As the whistle sounded the stop call, the Freshmen accepted their victory very proudly with a score showing 30-15.

SECOND INTER-CLASS GAME

February 26 witnessed a second contest between the High School Freshmen and Juniors. The class of '27 was clad in Windmoor caps and sweaters, which they have featured for sport during the past two years. The game was a peppy one, though quite amusing during the first

half, for the Juniors never expected the fight the Freshmen offered. At the close of the half the score was tied and our Juniors began to worry. Both sides battled gloriously during the third quarter, but the Juniors outwitted our less experienced Freshies and the final score was 39-13. The captains of the respective teams are Marion Snow and Billie Bellport, both of whom are to be congratulated for their excellent sportsmanship and for their fairness in dealing with their teams.

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The Birthday Present

Everyone on Broad Street called Miss Sawyer a cross old maid, yet no one could see why she should be dissatisfied, because she had everything she could wish for. Her house was the largest one on the street. It sat back in a spacious yard with lovely old maple trees and rose bushes scattered about. The high fence around the yard was laden with honeysuckle vines until it touched the grass in places. The whole estate was one of beauty. Miss Sawyer was proud of the lovely place and she loved to walk among the flowers and trees.

One June morning Miss Sawyer celebrated her birthday, and the sun seemed to pour its warmth and radiance over the earth. When Miss Sawyer got up she noticed a box standing in the hall. The return address was Mrs. M. H. Adams, Portland, Oregon.

"So Margaret is still thinking of my money," thought Miss Sawyer. "But she shall not have it. I'll give my money to a stranger rather than to a cousin who cares nothing for me."

The box contained a lovely lavender scarf. Miss Sawyer wrapped it around her slender shoulders and as was her custom went out to walk among her flowers. She noticed how the flowers nodded their heads together as if they were saying "good morning" to each other.

"The flowers, even they love each other and I—I have no one to love—and there is no one to love me. If I had a little child to love and care for, then surely I would be happy. Yes, a little child would be the nicest birthday present I could have." Strange thoughts ran through the woman's mind. She seemed to realize how narrow her life was and what little good she had done.

She strolled down to the cherry orchard. The trees were loaded with ripe fruit and Miss Sawyer's eyes glowed with pride. A tiny blue spot moved among the red and green. A little boy sat perched upon a branch calmly eating the ripe cherries. A twig snapped and the blue spot fell to the ground.

Pity filled Miss Sawyer's heart, and she gathered the boy into her arms. She sat there motionless holding the still form. The eyes of the boy were closed as if he was in pain, and Miss Sawyer held him tenderly, not knowing what else to do.

Finally a pair of dark blue eyes opened and a tiny voice said, "Lady, are they your trees?"

Miss Sawyer nodded.

The blue eyes sparkled. "Oh gee, but you're lucky." The boy looked down at the arms that held him. "Then you wouldn't care if I had some more?"

"Oh, then—you aren't—you're not hurt?"

"No—not me." Then the blue eyes clouded. "Dad used to say my head was as hard as a rock. Guess he was right."

Miss Sawyer noticed the torn overalls and the tired little face. So after he had eaten all the cherries he wanted she took him into her arms again and made him tell her all about himself. He didn't have anyone to love him since his soldier daddy was killed and his mamma had gone to heaven.

"Just me and old grandpa Bailey live

together and sometimes he says that he wished he lived alone."

—and she had been wishing for some one to love.

Miss Sawyer gave a low sweet laugh and said, "Can't you see dear, you must have been sent to be my birthday present?"

Dorothy Randolph, '28.

The Season's First Snowfall

"Yes, sah! It's gwine snow," old Joe held out his hands to the cheerful blaze in the big stove as he made his forecast of the morrow's weather.

It surely was "gwine snow" and an eye as experienced as Joe's was not needed to detect it. The even gray of the sky, the blurred horizon, the biting wind, all bespoke the advent of the season's first snow. The bright smiling faces of the children as they dusted off their sleds showed that there were younger weather prophets than the old darky.

Shortly after night fall a few lonely snowflakes fluttered to earth, forerunners of the steady snow fall which left the landscape as far as the eye could see buried under a blanket of white.

The scene spread out before the eye in the morning was one of undescrivable beauty. The unbroken white blanket seemed to melt into the gray of the sky. The bare branches of the trees seemed not so bare in their dress of glistening white, and the pines drooped under their burden. Later, when the sun broke forth from the leaden clouds, he came not to destroy the scene, but only to enhance its beauty. Truly, the season's first snowfall was, as always, a thing of beauty.

Mary Margaret Savage, '27.

A Bus Ride

My greatest desire has been to ride on a double-decker bus. My wish was granted one beautiful autumn day when I decided to ride home on a bus after a tiresome shopping tour. I boarded the bus and climbed to the upper deck, obtaining the front seat. I noted many beautiful sights from my place in the air, but one which especially caught my eye was the magnificent sunset. The bus was mounting a steep hill and we reached the summit in time to see the sun, an orb of blazing glory, sink behind the horizon. It left behind it a sky painted in red and orange softened by pink, blue, and purple. To my disappointment this bright picture faded, but the lovely sea of colors, blues and lavender, which took its place was equally entrancing. The mid-heavens were dotted with fleecy clouds of pink, which completed this magnificent picture. By the time I had reached my destination it was dusk and nothing remained to tell the tale of the momentary glory.

Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '27.

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